



Deluded men see joys arise,
Which fade before their sober eyes.

but

but waking suddenly, was a little surprised to find that he had been sleeping upon the brink of a deep river.—He got up in haste, began to rub his eyes, and looked about him to see if he could any where discover the prospect of the Temple of *Virtue*, or the Hills of *Happiness*; when he could see neither of these, he attempted to go back again by the way he came; but every step he took, found the road less pleasant, the flowers were faded, and all things